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The "Societe des Concerts" at the Conservatoire at Paris.

By a Correspondent to London Musical World.

At the latter part of last year's season, two Englishmen were at Paris. They were habitués of the Philharmonic of London, and had of course heard much of the Conservatoire; but they had also been told the latter had fallen off much since the Revolution, while, as they knew, the former had considerably improved. The difference between the orchestras, they had been informed, was not so great, and consequently there was not so anxious a desire to hear and see as there often is. Besides, it must be confessed there were most decided John Bull prejudices in both of them as to French matters. But there is something about a Beethoven Symphony no Philharmonic man can resist—an Alderman would as soon refuse turtle. Accordingly we entered one of the indescribable vehicles which, under an immense variety of the prettiest feminine appellations, do the duty of cabs, and proceeded to the Rue Poissonnière in search of tickets. We found immense difficulty in procuring them, but, on mentioning the Philharmonic, we were supplied with the only two billets left, with which we proceeded to our hotel, and in due time to the appointed place. We were ushered into a large hall, on each side of which were a range of plain columns; and on exhibiting our numbers were told on which side to enter. Half Paris seemed to be there, and every one seemed full of interest and anxiety. By and by we were marshalled to our place by an old woman in a spotless white cap, who acted as box-keeper, and we found ourselves in the Salle des Concerts. This in truth is a theatre, and not a concert-room, in our sense of the word. It is of oblong form, but it has its tiers of boxes,

balcon, stalls, parterre, couloir, &c., like any other theatre. The place of the stage is occupied by some seats placed on the level, and then side benches, which run rapidly to the back. Its decorations are distemper and seem only temporary. In fact the arched ceiling appeared to be covered with nothing but common paper-hanging. The part occupied by the orchestra is painted as if ornamented with hangings, and inscribed with the names of the most celebrated composers, in which we gladly saw those of Handel and Bach. There was an evening dress. The French are always *bien ganté bien chaussé*—but the ladies wore their bonnets, and white chokers were not visible.

There is a marked difference on the part of the auditory. Alas! that we should have to say it, but the finer part of the Philharmonic members seem as much interested in themselves as in the music—like the Roman ladies in the time of Horace in Juvenal. There is no rustling of silks—no light breathings, that amount almost to a titter, as young ladies enter. The mammas do not faint, nor the chaperons turn out a whole row, that their fair charges may take their seats, while the band are playing the "adagios" of the first movement. Nothing of this sort at Paris. No; they come for the music; and every one is seated quietly and silently in their places. In the meantime the band enter and take their seats. The first and second violins are disposed in front, on two sets of benches, facing each other. In the centre between them are benches for the chorus. Behind these, facing the audience and crossing the ends of the violin benches, are the tenors. From these the benches rise rapidly, and are filled on the right side, as you look at them by the violoncelli, each one attended by his contra-basso, and on the other side are the wind instruments. All these benches, except the violins, face the audience. It will be understood that the wind band and the basses each form a mass, while the violins are divided. There was another marked difference in favor of the French arrangements. There was none of that fearful dissonance at tuning the instruments: no rasping of basses, howling of horns, squeaking of fiddles, and blowing of trombones, that form such an unpleasant overture to the programme, and dull the ear to the first chord of the symphony. Except a few slight touches, almost inaudible, to make sure all was right,—not a sound was heard. The band consists of somewhat less than our numbers, and of about our own proportions, except that there are four bassoons instead of two.

In the meantime our neighbors had discovered that we were strangers, and pointed out to us, with the gentlest politeness, all the men of distinction—the principal being Auber, for whom there seems an esteem and respect we scarcely ever saw fall to the lot of any musical man. A short time elapsed and the conductor, Monsr. Girard, took his place, and was warmly received; and the band began the famous E flat of Mozart.

The first chord seemed hardly so full as at the

Philharmonic, and the drum began with too much of a bang, as is the general custom in France; but the rich piano echo notes of the wind band compensated for this. The scale passages for the violins seemed much like our own; but those for the *tutti bassi*, both in the forte and piano parts, were much better; they were as clear as a run on a piano forte. Still we would not allow of any superiority. The allegro began deliciously, the horns were so rich and so well in tune. Never mind; we are reforming our horns in London; they will be better next year thought we. The *crescendo* was fine, taken with great judgment, and the burst into the forte splendid. Again, the excellence of the basses, their extraordinary clearness of execution and ensemble, attracted our notice. The wind instruments played perfectly in tune, and with much judgment. The whole movement was exquisitely rendered; but the true John Bulls could not, or would not, acknowledge so very much difference as yet. Our neighbors were delighted to see us so pleased. "Monsieur knows the score thoroughly I perceive." Of course we bowed and looked as wise as we could.

The *andante* began, the violins playing with marvellous delicacy. The basses gave the *rallentando*, as they descend splendidly. It was like a gleam of sunshine. Still the playing of our two clarionets, Williams and Lazarus, is so exquisite, that we John Bulls again would not allow, as yet, any great superiority. It was the same with the *minuetto*—the trio is always done so splendidly by our clarionets—first with such richness, and the repeat such a wonderful piano, that though the horns reminded us we were not at Hanover Square, the difference still was not so great. At last began the *finale*. The violins led off the rapid passages like one single instrument, giving as much light and shade in the forte passages, as delicacy in the pianos. Instead of unmeaning division, the air in the forte came out with all the energy and beauty of Mozart, but when the second piano part came, with the imitation and answer from instrument to instrument, my friend leaned over to me, and whispered in the interval of the pause—"Ah! old fellow, we have nothing like this at the Philharmonic; in fact, we have not got a piano there." Alas! it is too true. We felt in the presence of artists of superior training and of superior intelligence; and when the symphony ended, we both sighed—"Well, this is the first time we ever heard the 'Swan' symphony done perfectly."

But we were not destined to one surprise only. The chorus entered. It did not appear so numerous as our own. The band struck a single chord; and they began, without accompaniment or forte strains, a very original motet of Leising's,—*"O Filii."* The voices went together as perfectly as the "Dom-Chor" of Berlin, but not so "aigu" in tone. The strains are simple and mournful, and are echoed by the same chorus (always without accompaniment) *pianissimo*. Such an echo we never heard. It was as perfect as if the mocking nymph herself had repeated it from the

side of a woodland hill. All that we could hear of the author was, that he was a German of little fame. The composition itself had not much to recommend it except originality; but it was most effective as a *tour de force* for a chorus, and it was most rapturously enforced.

As if to give us the greatest possible contrast, the next piece was the andante in G, and presto movement in D, from Haydn's Quartet, No. 5, performed by the whole stringed band; and it was executed as we never heard anything done before. The andante was like the performance of two finished players of the deepest feeling. The violoncelli were surpassingly excellent. The presto was given with the most sparkling effect—the rapid divisions as clear as a Genevian box. Something of the kind has been attempted in England, but without success: you perceive a want of unity. There are continued trips and stumbles; and instead of fancying it a quartet performed by four instruments of immense power and sweetness, at once recognise it as orchestral.

As if to carry the system of contrasts to its uttermost, the next piece was the 18th Psalm of Benedetto Marcello—"I cieli immensi narrano." (We call it the 19th.) The only works of this pure and simple writer commonly known in England, are the 8th Psalm and the 41st (42d in our version)—"As the hart panteth," and "O Lord our Governor." The 18th is very superior to these. It begins with a fire and energy unusual to this writer, and reminds one of some of the spirited movements in Haydn's masses. It is but repetition to say that the chorus was superb. . . .

This simple psalm preceded the mighty Symphony of Beethoven in C minor—certainly the most inspired work of the kind ever produced. There was a pause, during which every person seemed to be concentrating his attention; the same quiet examination of instruments went on—a careful look from the conductor was cast round—and amid breathless silence the great symphony began. It is hardly possible, and besides it would weary our readers to dwell upon all the points of this noble composition. The very first four notes were given with a force and precision we never heard before. The fortes and pianos again attracted our admiration at their exquisite light and shade. The little bit of solo for the horn rang out as clear as a bell, and as round as a diapason. The long notes, which alternate as echoes between the stringed and wood band, were perfectly smooth and in tune, a thing we hardly ever hear in England; the basses were as clear as the violins themselves, and altogether the symphony seemed to develop fresh beauties at every bar. The same remarks will apply to the andante, particularly where, for the sixteen bars preceding the fortissimo reprise of the subject, the flute, oboe, and the two clarionets have the field to themselves, and their notes seem to twine round each other in the most graceful melody; their tones were perfectly silvery. The *scherzo*, however, deserves a few words of notice. It was taken much slower than in England, and the *rallentando* more *cantabile*, and very judiciously so; for as the time is accelerated at the *fugato*, it gives the instruments an opportunity to execute their notes accurately. The basses gave the subject as clearly as the notes of an organ, instead of the puff-a-puff-a with which we are usually treated. We cannot understand the reason of hurrying over this movement; it is not marked so either in the German or French scores, and its effect is marvellously enhanced by steady treatment. The oboes and horn again excited our admiration, but the treat was to come; the pianissimo was perfect—the orchestra seemed asleep except the dull beat of the drum; the *crescendo* was regular and gradual, not as ours, getting into a fortissimo long before its time, and trusting to the blare of the trombones for a burst, but increasing only to the forte, and then bursting with fortissimo on the first chord of that wondrous triumphal march; and here appeared the vast superiority of the brass band, as our old friend, Tom Ingoldsby, says,

"The sweet trombones with their silver sounds," and silver it was, each playing with the band, and not endeavoring to drown every body else; blow-

ing, as a facetious friend of ours says, enough to carry off one's "whiskers." We will not attempt to describe that march; let the reader remember what we have said, and then let him fancy what the different points must have been, with such horns, bassoons, and oboes as these. The close was followed by a short pause; every one seemed to draw a long breath, and then followed such a burst of applause as we hardly ever have heard. No soul attempted to move till all was over. There was no fidgetting for hats, turning boas round necks. No; it was clear the audience were as refined in appreciation as the band in execution. We parted with the heartiest shake of hands from our neighbors, who seemed positively charmed to see how we enjoyed the music. "Vive la Société des Concerts," said we, as we resumed our hats, and made our last bows to our polite friends.

To compare the two orchestras let us begin at the bottom of the score. Their contrabassi are as superior to ours as Bottesini is to all other players—they really play, and don't make a fuzzy sort of sound. The cello shew hardly so much difference, the four bassoons add much to their richness. Our tenors I think quite as good, thanks to that consummate musician and artist Harry Hill. Our violins have more power in the fortissimo parts; like all the rest of the band in the piano parts, and in *tout ensemble*, they are very inferior. Their solo bassoon is richer than ours in tune, though not superior in execution. Our bassoons use too weak a reed. Of the clarionets we have already spoken. Their oboes and horns are vastly superior. Our oboes never seem in tune, and our horns never seem to know their parts: how awfully they stumble about in the trio in the *Eroica*. Their flutes are not better than Ribas. Their trumpets are certainly not better than ours; while their trombones are as superior to our ear-splitting Bartlemy-Fair bulls of Bashan as can be conceived. We have nothing like the pure tone of this wood-band—it is like the chords of the swell of an organ—nor have we anything like the rich tones of their brass band: theirs is music, ours is blare. Our tympanist stands alone—none in the Conservatoire can rival Chipp. Whence, then, comes the difference? It is discipline—obedience—no one thinks of himself, nor plays for himself; every one is subservient to the whole. This is only to be got by repeated rehearsal; this is what the Philharmonic wants; and this it must have, or it will soon feel some rival at its heels.

[Translated by the Editor.]

FREDERIC CHOPIN.

BY FRANZ LISZT.

V.

"There are all sorts of wreaths," says Goethe, "and indeed some, which one may pluck as he walks along." These by their balmy freshness may gladden a few moments; but we may not hang them by the side of those, which CHOPIN won by such assiduous, exemplary toil, by an earnest love for Art and by a sad sympathy with the states of mind, which he has so superbly portrayed.

He has not sordidly competed for those easy crowns, on which so many of us would modestly pride ourselves; he has lived as a man of pure heart, noble sentiment, good and sympathizing, whose soul one feeling wholly filled, and that the most exalted of earthly feelings, the love of country; he passed away through the midst of us like a hallowed shadow of all that Poesy, which has its home in Poland: therefore we bend in reverence before his tomb and we would strew for him no artificial flowers, would twine no lightly woven perishable wreaths! We would exalt our hearts to his sarcophagus, would learn of him to put away from us all that belongs not to the noblest

striving, and to direct all our aspiration toward deeds, which plough a deeper furrow than the stream of to-day. Let us then, in the mournful time in which we live, renounce all that is unworthy of Art, despise all that bears not in itself the pledge of durability, forsake all that hides not in itself a spark of the eternal spiritual beauty, which it is the calling of Art to let shine, that it may shine itself; and let us think continually of that old prayer of the Dorians, whose simple language breathes such holy poetry, when they besought the Deity "to give them the Good through the Beautiful." Instead of making haste to entice hearers and to please them at any price, may we rather strive, like CHOPIN, to leave behind us a heavenly echo of what we have felt and loved and suffered. Let us learn from his great memory to desire that of ourselves, which shall give us honorable rank in the mystical Commonwealth of Art, instead of demanding of the Present, without regard to the Future, those cheaply earned wreaths, which wither and are forgotten almost as fast as they are heaped up.

Instead of those, there fell to CHOPIN's lot the fairest palms, which any artist in his life-time can acquire; they were awarded by his peers and companions in Art; and an even more exclusive public, than the musically cultivated aristocracy, that visited his concerts, dedicated to him its enthusiastic admiration. A circle of celebrated names composed this public, and these names bowed before him, like kings from different kingdoms, who had come to celebrate one of their own. These rendered unto him in full measure the tribute, that belonged to him; and it could not be otherwise in a land like France, which knows with so much tact and foretaste how to discover and appreciate the rank of its guests.

The most distinguished geniuses of Paris often met at Chopin's; they loved to go to him, because they found the most delightful enjoyment, and because they were entirely without restraint. For he possessed that amiability in receiving guests, so native to the Poles, which not only subjects the host to all the rules and duties of hospitality, but also makes him free from all regard to his own personality, so that he can devote himself exclusively to the wishes and the pleasure of his guests. One felt well with him, because he left all to the decision of his friends and placed himself and all he had at their command. An unrestrained bountifulness, which also is peculiar to the simplest peasant in Slavonic nations: he acts the host in his hut, with more cheerful haste than the Arab in his tent, and what is lacking to the splendor of his entertainment, he supplies by a proverb, which he always repeats and which even the grand lord after the most sumptuous banquet under golden canopies repeats: "Disdain not what is unworthy of you, but it is my whole insignificant fortune, which I lay at your feet. (*Czym bogat, tym rad.*)"

One who has had an opportunity to observe the manners in CHOPIN's father-land, will understand more readily what lent to our social meetings at his house more heartiness, more freedom than elsewhere; that cheerfulness, that rang so clear and genuine, leaving behind no flat or bitter after-taste and begetting no reaction of dark humors. Although CHOPIN evidently avoided large company, yet he was in the highest degree obliging and amiable, when you fell into his house as it were; seeming to concern himself about nobody,

he succeeded admirably in busying every one with just what most attracted him, and in captivating every one by his agreeable and courteous demeanor.

[To be continued.]

TRIUMPHANT MUSIC.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I.

Ay! give me Music! flood the air with sound!
But let it be superb, and brave, and high;
Not such as leaves my wild ambition bound
In soft delights, but lifts it to the sky;
No sighs nor tears, but deep, indignant calm,
And scorn of all but strength, my only need;
From whence, but Music, should my strength proceed?—

From some Titanic psalm?—

Some thunderous strand of sound, which in its roll
Shall lift to starry heights my fiery soul!

II.

Strike on the noisy drum, and let the fife
Scream like a tortured soul in pain intense,
But let the trumpet brood over their strife,
Victorious, in its calm magnificence;
Nor fear to wake again the golden lute,
That runs along my quivering nerves like fire;
Nor let the silver-chorded lyre be mute,
But bring the tender lyre,
For sweetness with all strength should wedded be,—
But bring the strength, the sweetness dwells in me!

III.

Play on! play on! the strain is fit to feed
A feast of Gods, in banquet-halls divine;
Not one would taste the cups of Ganymede,—
But only drink this more ambrosial wine!
Play on! play on! the secret soul of Sound
Unfolds itself at every cunning turn;
The trumpet lifts its shield, a stormy round,
The lute its dewy urn,—
But in the lyre, the wild and passionate lyre,
Lies all its might, its madness, and desire!

IV.

Again! again! and let the rattling drum
Begin to roll, and let the bugle blow,
Like winter winds, when woods are stark and dumb,
Shouting above a wilderness of snow!
Pour hail, and lightning, from the fife and lyre,
And let the trumpet pile its clouds of doom;—
But I o'ertop them with a darker plume,
And beat my wings of fire;—
Not like a struggling eagle baffled there,
But like a spirit on a throne of air!

V.

In vain! in vain! we only soar to sink;
Though Music gives us wings, we sink at last;
The peaks of rapture topple near the brink
Of Death, or Madness pallid and aghast;—
But still play on! you rapt musicians, play!
But now a softer and serenest strain;
Give me a dying fall, that lives again,
Again to die away;—
Play on! but softly till my breath grows deep,
And Music leaves me in the arms of Sleep!

[Communicated.]

Organists vs. Choristers.

In our opinion it is high time that the attention of Parish Committees were called to a prevailing abuse that ill accords with an advanced condition of musical science. We allude to the division of the musical responsibility between an organist and a chorister in our sanctuaries; a remnant of the olden time, unsuited to the present; in accordance with the spirit of the age it should give place to the march of improvement.

The custom owes its origin to a time previous to the use of organs, when amateur performers

upon instruments practised with a numerous choir, who elected from their number some person to select music, not on account of his acquirements, where all were equally unskilled, but by reason of his popularity. The post, being one of some little distinction, soon becomes a source of pride, like all other places of honor within the gift of a popular majority; and whatever other changes occur in the choir, if no fault is found with his general deportment, his musical acquirements are not called in question; he is permitted for years by the Parish Committee to retain his place, out of respect for the attachment he is supposed to feel for it. The change proposed will meet opposition from him;—in the order of nature it would appear that innovation shall be resisted, the better to test and justify it;—yet nothing but the vain argument of precedent can be offered favorable to the present system.

In some instances, on the introduction of organs, the office of chorister was very properly abolished by his resignation; but, too frequently, the organist, perhaps the only musician in the church, finds himself occupying a false position, subordinate to some worthy mechanic or tradesman, *sans* tune, *sans* time, *sans* taste, "*sans* every thing."

The Chorister, what is he? A shoemaker perhaps, by profession. Let him keep to it. Some are butchers, others are tailors, tinmen, men of useful and respectable talent, who should never direct in an astronomical observatory, though they be familiar with the use of the spyglass. Again, he is an eminent man in the society, always seen by the congregation at the head of the singers, separate from the rest by a space, because *they* are not choristers;—always heard to proclaim the page after the minister has finished the hymn, as if the arduous duty of finding a tune had occupied him every moment since the night previous, when the minister sent him a list of the hymns;—always seen by the congregation to speak to the organist between the verses, as though the power or sweetness of the beautiful harmonies depended upon it. Often has he been known to select a solo or duet in order to illustrate to the congregation his uncommon talent as a vocalist. "Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!" saith the preacher. He is not expected to know more than one part of the harmony, and in general, disappoints expectation even in that. A suggestion of the organist would meet reproof as a supererogatory meddling.

Things are not so at the Trinity or Grace church in this city, the Trinity, the Swedenborgian, the Mt. Vernon churches in Boston, nor at any other church in Christendom where talent occupies its true position. Instances have frequently occurred where organists of fine acquirements would have been received into our churches, had it not been for the jealousy of the choristers, who anticipated the ludicrousness of their position in view of his superior attainments. In other instances, however, the organist enters upon his duties against the will of the chorister, who pursues a line of policy embarrassing to the player, disheartening him; nor does this Dogberry in music rest easy until the usefulness of the organist is utterly destroyed. It has been the custom ever since the introduction of the organ among us, for our large cities to supply, in a great measure, the country churches with the organist. He finds there a choir large enough and of such material as he could drill in a short time into good discipline. But the chorister, who

never knew there was such a thing as a Mass or an Oratorio, and never heard any good music in his whole life, resists any innovation as though his life were at stake; and the poor organist accompanies the harsh voices and the grating discords, till his year expires, glad of his freedom to find a situation more to his taste. As to there being a well drilled choir under such an organization, it is impossible; there can be no progress.

Why is it thus, that the organist, living in a world of harmony, to whom every day adds new inspiration, should not impart according to the universal law of nature? Simply because "The world could no more contain two Cæsars than it could two Gods." Yet, in the whole course of our experience, we never knew an organist who seemed to feel any vanity in his position as a teacher. The mantle seems to sit upon his shoulders easily, not a mark of distinction but a reward of merit, well earned by years of patient study and perhaps by the toil of a lifetime. He is unobtrusive, unassuming, manifesting none of that ostentation or that exercise of arbitrary power, which ignorance and presumption wear in order to be thought learned. His life illustrates this sublime thought of the great orator, "I wish to be like the violet, spending its fragrance unseen. I wish to do good unobserved, to see honor blotted out and its place supplied by duty." Profound experience in any science is unattended by pride; for the more a man knows, the more he regrets his deficiency. But, supposing the case, which we never saw, of an organist proud of his distinction as conductor, is it contrary to custom or to justice that one should be honored according to his merits? Let us apply this rule, and what becomes of the honors of our *quasi* musician, who employs the best available musical talent and uses it, as well as he knows how, to build up for himself a counterfeit reputation? The cause of religion demands the change. The hearts of many are insensible to any other appeal than that addressed to them through the solemn strains of harmony; out of the Church they cultivate their taste for the noblest music the world affords; and shall the music in the Church be to them forever an inanity? This change is due to the organist; who, like other men of spiritual talent, should be untrammelled by circumstances, free to invite and to indulge the inspiration of genius with which he is endowed. This principle has been acknowledged by nations which we would fain believe less civilized than ourselves, and we find that, throughout Europe for generations past, painting, sculpture, poetry and music have not only been patronized but pensioned, in order that even common anxiety of livelihood should not occasionally overshadow the meditations of their votaries. Were it necessary, we could cite the custom of England, where the organist is established in the church as much as the rector, and where, as there are no choristers, he does not tremble at the sight of the village blacksmith, harmonious though he be.

The organist,—what are his qualifications? He is a composer, and his practised eye recognises the good and avoids the bad of musical compositions; a harmonist, and his nicely tuned ear detects the false tone; a metronome, and his even measure perceives the slightest echo; a teacher, he imparts what he knows by the most judicious method; a connoisseur, he introduces to the choir and congregation a higher order of musical selections; in fine, he is a musician, and his science

vies with chemistry, physiology, astronomy for the palm of greatness, more spiritual than either. He should be the Mentor of his choir; and it is to be hoped that Parish Committees throughout the United States will correct this common blunder, so unjust to the organist, so fatal to progress, so subversive of the natural order, and so contradictory to common sense, and make their organist, if competent, responsible for all the music in the Church.

D. R. S.

NEW YORK, May 10.

[Paris Correspondent of the New York Tribune.]

The first representation of the *Juif Errant*, by Halévy, took place at the Grand Opera on Friday evening last. The musical critics are pretending to be unwell, thus deferring their reports until they can have heard the production some half a dozen times, without which it is impossible to pass a conscientious judgment upon it. The ticket offices were not open, every place having been long since disposed of. Pit seats were negotiated in the street at fifty francs, and boxes of four places brought 300 francs at 7 o'clock. The President was there, but so deeply buried in his box that few but the artists were aware of his presence. The performance was over at precisely half-past one, the machinery being a little stiff and the intermissions as long as the acts. The Opera had spent such fabulous sums upon the scenery of M. Halévy's *partition*, that it would have been ruined had the play been damned. Happily, a success which promises to be as durable as the *Prophète* has saved the treasury from being collapsed. The scenic art has never been carried to such lengths as in this opera. The *Enfant Prodigue* gave us a view of the glories of Heaven; the Wandering Jew opens the gates of Hell, and shows us the fiery furnace and the tortures of the damned. The crust of the earth seems to peel and shrivel away at the clang of the last trump; the weary march of the way-worn Israelite comes to an end with the close of earth; the graves give up their dead, and from every nook and corner rise, in their shrouds and winding-sheets, the hosts that have slept under the sod, waiting for the judgment-day; in the flaming caldron are imps turning head over heels, and the underlings of Satan tossing up and impaling on pitchforks the miserable sinners that had been "tried and found wanting;" over and above all are the lyres and the raptures of just men made perfect and the bliss and happiness of Paradise Regained. The Old Testament tradition of the final apportionment of woe everlasting to about ninety-nine hundredths of the human race were so marvelously and so frightfully realized, that when I woke up the next morning, and found I was still alive, I was considerably incredulous, and imagined it to be an illusion of the Evil one; but I have got over that since I have been writing this letter. I can say nothing of M. Halévy's music; it is altogether too scientific and *recherché* to be properly appreciated at a single hearing. In case I become qualified, by frequent attendance, to speak with a clearer comprehension of the subject, you may rest assured that I shall do so.

MUSICIANS IN NEW YORK. It is said that there are two thousand six hundred and eighty-five persons, male and female, in this city, that live by their musical labors. Some teach vocal music; some teach instrumental music; some sing; some play the piano; some fiddle; some give concerts; some sing in church; some sing in opera; some sing in both church and opera; some play the bugle, flute, hautboy, French horn, cornet à piston, opheide, banjo, bass drum, kettle drum, tenor drum, triangle, cymbals, fife, violoncello, clarinet, flageolet, guitar, melodeon, organ, tamborine, trombone, or other noisy instrument; and all of them blow their own trumpets.—*Mus. World.*

☞ In the third act of the new play of Benvenuto Cellini, Melingue, who is as good a sculptor

as he is a comedian, makes a plaster statuette of one of the female characters. This he does under the eye of the spectators, and while carrying on his share of the action and the dialogue. Such has become the demand for these specimens of this favorite actor's skill, that they are sold after the performance, by auction, in the saloon of the theatre, and bring much higher prices than they are worth as mere works of art. Every one desires to possess a model made under such curious circumstances, and M. Melingue is at present a dangerous rival to Clevenger and Pradier.—*Paris Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

Correspondence.

Music in New York.

[Received too late for insertion last week.]

The Germans certainly bring us a great deal for all the advantages they derive from us. We owe to them what musical cultivation we have, and although the pleasant times have not yet arrived in which, as in the father-land, we sit in Summer gardens or Winter cafés and listen to the best music which the best genius has written, yet the concerts under German auspices become yearly more popular and delightful, and those who love music, not because it is fashionable, or the opera an agreeable resort, but because they have the same pleasure in it that birds have in the sun-light,—they follow the call of Eisfeld and the Philharmonic, and are very well content to be scouted as "classical" and "pedantic."

Treating of German matters you see I fall into the German manner. Do you remember, in learning German, those breathless and balking chases of prolonged and involved sentences up and down and over the pages, with dictionary and grammar in hand, like a leash of hounds to hunt down the quarry? Ichabod Crane had a limber switch with which he "helped" his "young friends," as Dr. Birch called his pupils, "over the tall words." What work and incessant "helping" Ichabod Crane would have had in teaching German!

I have not written you of EISELDT's delightful Quartet Soirées, but have only referred to them. They have been very excellent. EICHORN, with his trusty violoncello, NOLL, with his enthusiastic violin, the elegant TIMM, the appreciative SCHARFENBERG, and others whom you know, whom we know, and whom we all like to know, have assisted in these concerts. There have been singers too: Mrs. WATSON, and a raven-haired Miss WHEELLOCK, lesser birds, but sweet in their way, and who, marvellous to say, do not undertake what they cannot do. Mr. Eisfeld commenced his chamber concerts last Winter at Hope Chapel. There are two halls of that name opposite the New York Hotel—Hope Chapel the greater, and Hope Chapel the less; the latter being a low, bare, dismal room under the other, and corresponding to a vestry. It was an odd place for such select concerts. But they succeeded admirably; the choice circle of "classics" and "pedants" was always gathered together, in Hope Chapel the less—or Hopeless Chapel as it more properly looks—and this season Mr. Eisfeld has taken the Apollo rooms, whose antecedents are musically good—for there were held the first Philharmonic concerts.

He has culled for us the best of Beethoven's, Haydn's, Mozart's, Spohr's and Mendelssohn's

chamber compositions, and they have been played to an audience that truly enjoyed them. Of course it is not a "Native American" audience, for all your neighbors are sure to speak German, and you mark the well-known characteristics of their features; and if you could only summon the Kellner, and order *ein brocken brod* and *ein glas bier*, you would be far away from the Apollo and lost in an anonymous *Lokal*. The last concert on Saturday, the 8th of May, was as good in kind as any I remember. It ranks with Jenny Lind's and the best Philharmonic. The charm of the evening was Beethoven's *Septette*,—whose rich, ripe, mellow character, held all the performers to sympathy of feeling not less than truth of tone. Yet sometimes that wild, impulsive violin of Noll's would break a little, like an over mettlesome horse in trotting, but scarcely ever injurious to the general effect, because it served only to sharpen your apprehension of his enthusiasm for the music. Noll and his violin always seem to me like a fiery horse and a fiery rider. They excite each other. They dart, and sweep, and run, rejoicing in themselves and in the race,—not without gentle movements, also.

How masterly this *Septette* is! How full of the majestic facility of genius in its prime. It varies through the different movements with a fertility of invention, and a singular clearness of expression; as if, I mean, the composer had found no difficulty in conveying his intention. There is nothing cloudy or gloomily grand, in it,—none of the misty Alpine peaks that rise defiantly along the usual range of his mountainous music. But the airs are so melodious, the movements so transparent, that it reminds you of the sunny ease of Mozart, or of his own Pastoral Symphony, although without any feeling of superficiality.

"But what is it all about?" inquired my well meaning friend Quidnunc, who has no ear for music, who, in his own words "knows nothing about music, not a bit, but is sure of what pleases him." This last, of course, he said with an air implying that whatever does not please him, is not pleasant, and that it is mere affectation, "classicality," and "pedantry," to profess pleasure in it.

What do you say to this style of remark?

I asked Quidnunc in reply, what the sunshine was all about, what the beauty of a statue or a picture was about, &c. And Quidnunc looked at me silently and sadly, as if convinced that I was, *pro tempore*, out of my head.

A Trio of Mendelssohn's was played upon the piano by Scharfenberg, with violin and violoncello. It was interrupted by the snapping of a string in the violoncello. But, like most of Mendelssohn's Concertos which I, at the moment, recall, it wanted the glow of genius, the permeating sense of music, rather than of science. The refinement, the feeling, the ripeness, the skill,—these I always feel in Mendelssohn, and often as in the *Lieder ohne Worte*, the overtures and parts of the oratorios, a beauty which is quite inexpressible. Yet, if I read upon the bill a Concerto of his, I am not kindled with expectation, but rather with curiosity. I know it will be good. But will it be irresistible? Will it bear me along with itself, or leave me, only longing to be borne, upon the bank? Don't suspect me of the slightest treachery to Mendelssohn—but I do find a good deal of his music uninteresting.

They played the Russian Hymn with Veit's variations, and it was religiously done. I have never heard a more perfect performance than the delivery of the melody. It was entirely simple, but it was pleading and pathetic beyond words. In music of a Northern inspiration there is a strange wildness, — a masculine grief, but utterly hopeless, as of old Norse Kings. You remember Landseer's Reindeer standing upon the shore and looking across the cold dark water to the snowy silence of the mountains. There is no hint of Summer or of softness in the picture, but its pathos is fascinating and profound. It is the same that there is in this Russian Hymn, and in the northern songs of Jenny Lind — which are as far from clap-trap as *Vedrai Carino*.

Last of all we had Haydn's Quartet in G major, which well ended this delightful series of concerts. The *Adagio Religioso*, so tranquil, so solemn, so sweet, was given with that feeling and fidelity of which you would be sure with these gentlemen. You can no longer pride yourself, in Boston, upon monopolizing the finest music in the finest kind. Your withers are wrung. With the Philharmonic and Eisfeld, we yield the field to none.

Beside this exquisite evening, we have had little of note in matters musical. A complimentary concert to a very deserving artist — the Contra-bassist CASOLANI — filled Niblo's saloon one evening and deployed a host of various talent. I agree with my friend of the "Musical Times," that Dodworth's Band's performance was the most pleasing. He properly calls it a serenade-band; and the mellow, liquid, consenting sweetness of the effect well justifies the name. Summer moonlights under the balconies of innumerable Queens of Beauty, are necessarily figured in imagination, as the soft, long notes of the wind instruments float out. The rest of the performance was fair. Young BRAHAM sang several of his English ballad-songs with good effect. But Madame BOUCHELLE — forgetting who had sung before her, and how — ventured upon *Casta Diva*. Madame Bouchelle is not equal to *Casta Diva*. It is a very remarkable fact, if she does not know it; and if she does, her singing it is the more remarkable. It is to be said, however, that she was disappointed in the presence of an artist who was to assist her, and was therefore obliged to substitute the *Aria* for the song allotted her. But it was a great error of judgment to select *Casta Diva*.

There was also a concert at Metropolitan Hall, to introduce the "Plus-Harp Guitar or Bewitcher." You can fancy what it was. Some Andalusian musical enthusiast — it is plain to see that — has fitted a series of additional strings to the Guitar, having the general quality of harp-strings, and the effect is a mingled sound of the two instruments. In such a hall, of course, as in the open air, it had neither richness nor power, but only a faint tinkle. The inventor, Senor Gallageos, played a dreamy, monotonous composition, of which the effect was rather that of the wind sweeping through an Eolian Harp, than of any melody. Little ADELINA PATTI, who has also just sung at the Lyceum Theatre, sang Jenny Lind's *Echo-Song*, and *Ah! non giunge*. She is only nine years old, but her cultivation is quite remarkable, and her voice, although pleasantly child-like in tone, is sweet and easily fills that great hall. It is a pity she is to sing in a

theatre. She will be stung by the frenzied desire of applause, which will do much to ruin her as an artist. I never see a prodigy of this kind, who is really interesting as little Patti is, without remembering the young Mozart, and that whom the gods love, die young; or grow old, faded and forgotten, which is worse. HAFIZ.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 22, 1852.

[Editorial Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, May 19th.

Madame Otto Goldschmidt's Concert.

The charm of that voice and soul and art has not gone. It has lost nothing, but really gained in power; at least, it is more felt than ever. Metropolitan (late Tripler) Hall, last night, was thronged, as at its first opening and tuneful consecration: — a brilliant, eager, enthusiastic throng. There was perhaps a more entire, unanimous, unflinching warmth of reception, (outwardly expressed) in those last concerts in our little Melodeon. But an assembly of three or four thousand must be more heterogeneous, and comprise more coldly curious, more inappreciative auditors, than one of twelve hundred. Again, here the visible splendor and vast sweep of the hall itself comes in for too great a share in the impression of every thing performed therein; it presents indeed a brilliant scene; but too brilliant, too glaring and distracting, and finally (with the added drawback of close air and the heat of so many gas burners) fatiguing and stupefying to the musical and every other sense. It is encouraging that an artist of fine tact in such matters, has made a careful study of coloring for the interior of our new Boston Music Hall, so that it shall be at once rich, harmonious and subdued. Moreover, the great singer's lower notes were somewhat veiled by a cold which she had taken in the head, a day or two before, so that, at first, we could not always catch the completion of a low strain or phrase with all that distinctness, to which we had been used in the Lind. The higher tones, however, always come out smooth, bright and triumphant, and before the unflinching art and fervor of the singer, such an obstacle (seemingly at least) soon melts utterly away.

Now, we have named all the drawbacks, we believe, — all the things that threw any slightest shade of a shadow, doubt or chill across the heavenly-warm and luminous sphere of that glorious hour. In spite of the complaints we heard, afterwards, about the louder kind of applause not seeming to come quite up to the occasion — (hook enough, no doubt, for the wilfully critical to hang a hope upon! though the complaint really indicated that more was felt by each among the audience than could be satisfied by the combined power of applause in all;) still, this was a complete renewal of the great triumphs of Jenny Lind; — all the greater, that she is now so much more generally appreciated and understood. There was in the audience more of the quiet, thoughtfully receptive, than of the inflammatory mood; and the true artist sings to that with deeper satisfaction. To us, (and we know it was so with most of the earnest friends of music) each effort of her art last night surprised us, much as

we have heard her, as a new revelation of higher and higher and hitherto unappreciated excellence. To things so perfect, as to the beauties of the earth and skies, of day and night, the soul only opens continually, the progress being in the perceiver and not in the thing perceived.

At eight o'clock Mr. EISFELD took his stand at the head of his orchestra of eighty, comprising the sixty of the noble "Philharmonic," and with the wave of his baton came the full, strong, solemn, minor chord — the key-note of general gloom and apprehension — which opens the wonderful overture to *Egmont*. We never heard it given with a breadth and passionate emphasis so true to this sombre and gigantic conception of Beethoven. It made a grand, cloudy background for the beautiful anticipations of the evening; — a summer cloud, big with the advent of the Queen of May and of all the melody of birds and human hearts. Signor BADIALI exerted and acquitted himself worthily of the occasion in the tender Romanza from *Maria di Rudenz*; his mature and manly tones never filled a hall more satisfactorily, and his style was finished, chaste and eloquent. Indeed, throughout the evening, the Signor kept free both from those stereotyped common-place cadenzas, which have so often seemed not to belong to him, as well as from the stunning detonation in which his strong lungs would sometimes indulge. It was a performance duly tempered to the hour, which was her Majesty's, the sovereign Queen of Song; it was, on his part, all we could desire.

Wild outbursts of applause at length greeted Madame GOLDSCHMIDT, as she bounded forward in white bridal attire, her head dressed with loose sprays of vivid green. Slender she seemed; but a healthy, hearty, steady joy beamed in her countenance; and she seemed the happy artist wife, with soul now doubly wedded, knowing rest no more in the ideal only. The first chords of the recitative recalled her from the public to her dramatic identity with Weber's loving, faithful Agatha, watching by moonlight for her lover: *Wie nahte mir der Schlummer*. These first tones sang themselves in a soft, slow, murmurous, slumbrous, unconscious manner; but how beautifully the voice became awake! how heart-felt and subdued the prayer: *Leise, leise*, broken by the allusion (all in harmony) to the peaceful starlight without! Then the sense of solitude, as she leans out of the window, while the breeze creeps through the pines! And the wonderful transition, when she hears his footsteps, to the rapturous and overwhelming strain of joy, alternating with a fond heart's fears, which closes one of the greatest scenes of modern romantic lyric drama! Surely she is the keeper of the true secret of that music. The end explained the beginning, which some one near us whispered he thought "tame!"

It was now Mr. BURKE's turn. "Variations on a theme of Schubert;" we feared the virtuoso-ridden and abused theme of the "Serenade;" but, to our sober joy, his violin began the deeply musical *Lob der Thraenen*, or "Praise of Tears," and right feelingly and exquisitely he praised them; but the first variation and the finale (after the approved solo-player's pattern) were too full of capers to bear any relation to such a theme; such variations (they were by David) are not even fantastic, they are simply bewitched by a mechanical uneasiness. Mr. Burke did full

justice to his beautiful theme, and to whatever there was beautiful in the appended variations.

And now for our universal songstress in a specimen of the Italian school: the scena and aria from *Beatrice di Tenda*. The slow introduction, *Ah! miei fedeli!* was given with the full pathos and sweetness of Bellini; and in the bravura part, her voice absolutely revelled in flashing and, as it seemed, extempore intricacies and marvellous refinements of execution. We have marvelled at the matchless frolic of her art in this piece before; but this exceeded all before. O! Italian prime donne, with your everlasting conventional cadenzas and *fiorture*, painfully polished down to nothing, why is it that your ornaments sound never new, while her's sound never old! Your ornaments are lessons, but her's are spontaneous flashes of her soul,—delicate heat-lightnings of the warm midsummer night of inspiration. Once her voice ran, like an electric spark, through the chromatic scale; we have heard chromatic scales before; but here each note of it was brightly touched with a new and wholly individual character. Who now shall say that the singer, whose soul is informed with all the living inspirations of the German composers, is not thereby qualified to throw as much life and fervor into the test pieces of the Italian opera, as those who only know this last kind of music?

The second part was opened by Mr. GOLDSCHMIDT. The modest young pianist, whilome uniformly overshadowed and overlooked, was watched, this time, with a respectful, eager curiosity; for, to the careless world's eye, he had suddenly become a man. Why had that expansive forehead, that finely classic, thoughtful mouth, that whole face full of intellectual experience and sentiment, and whole form stamped with artistic, modest self-possession, escaped general notice until now? Real worth can bide its own time. Never before in an American concert, we can safely say, was Weber's noble *Concert-Stueck* (Concert-piece, or Concerto), so admirably, so perfectly played. With all the force required to suit the piano to so vast a place, there was not in it, from beginning to end, a single phrase or note in which the idea and spirit of the music were not made paramount, while the player and the instrument and the execution were unreservedly subordinated to that end. That was true Art; he felt the orchestra and the orchestra felt him, and they all felt (including the good artistic SCHARFENBERG, who turned over the pages for his friend), that here was a musical and spiritual meaning to be interpreted, through all their sympathetic co-operation, to the delight and edification of that great audience. It was warmly applauded and VON WEBER was glorified in the second, as he had been in the first part of the concert.

The duet from "The Huguenots" between Mme. GOLDSCHMIDT and Sig. BADIALI was nobly sustained in both hands. Her great dramatic energy and the unrivalled purity and volume of her voice here told remarkably; even in largeness, the soprano tones seemed equal to the baritone,—large as the sentiment they uttered, of a woman ready to die for him she loved.

Mr. EISEL's "Concert Polonaise" was a spirited, refreshing orchestral piece. It moved on with a triumphant and intoxicating wealth of harmony, worthy to clothe the noble rhythmic outline of the Polonaise form, like a young Bacchus crushing red grapes with every step.

But now comes the climax, not of the violent dramatic excitement, but of the serene pure height of song. Was ever the disembodied, spiritual quintessence of melody passed through mortal ears into immortal souls, if it was not then in her delivery of the MOZART melody: *Deh vieni, non tardar!* Some of those long-drawn, heavenly receding tones were the most clarified and never-cloying sweet of sound. You drew it in, insatiably, as you would the exquisite smell of a rose pressed to the nostrils. The singer seemed to "expire into her song." This was simpler music, in one sense, than any previous piece; but into its transparent perfection all the blended resources of her art seemed to secrete themselves. The hearing of one such strain is the birth of a new ideal and a new faith in a man's head and heart.

After Sig. BADIALI's impassioned delivery of the Cavatina from *Lucia*, which was pertinaciously encoored, the songstress closed with that song of the "Birdling," which she "yet must be singing;" and it seemed as fresh and delicious a necessity of her very nature, and as new, as if it had not been sung hundreds of times. The audience rose—satisfied,—a heartier testimony than the usual calls for more. For so vast an audience it was the most intelligent, most thoughtfully attentive we have seen, and gave the fullest proof that the great singer has converted all her critics. If further proof of that is wanted, read the notices of the *Courier & Inquirer*.

We remember when it was not an uncommon thing to hear JENNY LIND called a *cold* singer, one who lacked the fine Italian fervor and feeling in her music. We do not hear this now of Mme. GOLDSCHMIDT. We believe some people have become convinced through her that it is possible to have *feeling* and *fervor* even deeper than Verdi or Donizetti have known how to infuse into their music. What a teacher and inspirer of the deeper, holier feelings is such a voice as hers, wedded to such music as she loves! It is no idle fanaticism that studies not to lose a note of these farewell strains. It is only sad that it must end! We spoke with her yesterday about leaving America, and in less than an instant the tears filled her eyes, and she strove in words to tell that she *felt* much at leaving such a country. Perhaps it will not be violating confidence, to add that it is her wish to sing her "Farewell to America," as she did her "Greeting," in a song composed for the occasion by her husband, to verses written by a poet who has several times graced the columns of our Journal.

J. S. D.

P. S. We had the pleasure of taking OLE BULL by the hand this morning. He looks not much altered, and *talks* as eloquently and enthusiastically as he was wont to play. He gives a concert here on Saturday, with JAEEL and the GERMANIANS, and will, very likely, be in Boston in a week or two.

Prof. A. B. Marx, of Berlin.

We have seen a private letter from the learned and philosophical author of the *Compositionslehre*, or "Theory and Practice of Musical Composition," the first volume of which has been translated in New York and noticed in a recent number of our journal. He writes, under date of April 29th, to a German professor of music in one of our Southern cities, informing him that he has concluded a contract with Mr. Robert Cocks, of London, for the publication there of his entire work, in four volumes, in the English language. He asks his correspondent whether he deems it expedient to undertake a separate translation in and for America, but adds, in reply to his own question: "I think not; because the fourth edition of the *Compositionslehre*," (now preparing by the author),

"to which the London translation will adhere, contains such important improvements in respect of method, that a new translation of the third edition" (the latest one accessible to an American translator) "cannot agree with it."

Our music-teachers will be interested in the fact that Dr. Marx has another more practical work in contemplation, of which he thus writes: "As soon as I shall have finished and published the treatise on the 'Science of Music,' (which I hope will be in the summer) I shall proceed, at once, to work out my 'Method of Musical Instruction,' which—if I am not mistaken—will produce a radical reform of the present modes of teaching music. It is quite certain, that I shall issue this work (which includes all branches of musical instruction, namely, the piano, singing, composition, &c.) in German and in English at the same time. The success of this work in England and America, owing to the thoroughly practical tendency of those nations, may naturally be greater than in Germany; it may perhaps serve, in less time and with a deeper and surer basis, to further and complete the artistic culture in these lands, which by their healthy nature and their social conditions devote themselves to actual interests, and leave the ideal to the care of us poor Germans, who live and brood, by the grace of God, in an Aristophanic suspension, and have our homes like the cuckoos in the 'Clouds.'"

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

The work on the Music Hall goes on bravely. A whole army of laborers are at work; the walls have risen high above the ground, and already the skeleton forms of orchestra and balconies may be seen. The general plan of the building is now easily understood, with its various entrances and corridors. Standing in the centre one can already in imagination people the great space with familiar faces, while waiting with impatience the actual completion of the work.

Of the project for the new Theatre and Opera House we have, as yet, nothing definite to report, but hope soon to be able to present to our readers the welcome intelligence that the work is really begun with some sketches of the plan of the building and its proposed location. Meanwhile, the National Theatre, we hear, is about to be rebuilt on the old site.

As the new buildings rise, the workmen are engaged in removing the walls of the Boston Theatre, which has been perhaps, more familiarly known to the musical public under the name of the *Odeon*; very dear in the recollections of many lovers of music, as the place where we first heard and learned to know and love BEETHOVEN; as the scene of our initiation into the knowledge of the great works of the masters of instrumental music, where the nucleus of our now immense audiences of the lovers of instrumental music, was first gathered and instructed. It is pleasant to look back on those small beginnings, and we cannot see these walls coming to the ground without a passing word of farewell, nor move onward without a glance backwards at the pleasant recollections of a former time.

During the Summer season, we understand that the *Germania Serenade Band*, under their leader Mr. Schnapp, propose giving a series of afternoon promenade concerts in Union Hall. The evening out-door concerts of this little band in some of the neighboring towns last Summer, gave much pleasure to large numbers of people. Their selections of music are good and the excellence of their performance on brass instruments is well known to all concert goers in the city.

London.

THE ITALIAN OPERAS. The WAGNER war still rages, and an amusing column of advertisements of the rival houses appears in the London papers. "In place of re-

port," says the *Athenæum*, "to reflect the spirit of the week, we should chronicle green-room gossip and Chancery argument. In our rival Opera-houses Law has been more listened for than Music since we wrote last." The parties are all in chancery. Instead of *Casta Diva*, we have Lumley's prayer for an injunction. Bills, answers and affidavits are studied instead of scores; hearings in chancery have taken the place of rehearsals, and arguments are listened to instead of Cavatinas. What may come of it we know not; "such business requires a great deal of thought, and chancery justice is so very difficult to follow." We leave them with the wards in *Jarndyce*—"expecting a judgment"—and wish them a safe deliverance.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. *L'Italiana in Algeri* was revived on the 13th of April for the debut of Mademoiselle Angri and the *rentrée* of Belletti. The *Musical World* (London) says:

"The class of opera to which *L'Italiana in Algeri* belongs is almost extinct. No composer of the present day attempts it, and it may safely be added that no composer of the present day, in attempting it, would be likely to succeed. For this there are substantial reasons. Singers are educated now in quite a different fashion from that which prevailed in the days of Cimarosa and Paisiello, and in the early time of Rossini. Verdi and his followers have killed the school, without substituting a better. What is chiefly demanded now in a singer is a powerful voice, and a certain amount of dramatic feeling, armed with which he at once launches into the sea of public life. The consequence is inevitable. The majority of singers are quite abroad in one of Rossini's early operas; they have neither the flexibility nor the style; either their voices are stiff and obstinate from want of the necessary training, or impaired, if not altogether destroyed, by "hallooing and singing," not of anthems, like Falstaff, but of Verdi's *cavatins* and *finales*. We are much mistaken, however, if some day, the sort of Italian opera of which the one produced on Tuesday is so admirable an example be not restored, and the modern specimens, which have really no style whatever, altogether abandoned. Such a result would be well for all parties—for singers, who wish to preserve as long as possible the quality and freshness of their voices, more especially.

"Mademoiselle Angri (who experienced a flattering reception, and is a valuable acquisition to Mr. Lumley's company) is a dashing and spirited actress into the bargain. Her assumption of the part of Isabella was extremely animated, and her execution of the music in general admirable. We must blame her for introducing an air from *Zelmira* in the first act, since the original ('Cruda sorte') is quite as good and in much better keeping; but this was redeemed by the highly effective style in which she gave the recitative and air, 'Pensa alla patria.' (Act II.) Excepting an occasionally exaggerated manner of sliding up, as it were, to the high notes—a fault with which, though easy of correction, Mademoiselle Angri has been frequently reproached—her singing in this air left nothing to be desired. Her delivery of the recitative was large and imposing, and her flexibility in the rapid passages of the *coda* proved her an accomplished mistress of the florid *bravura* school. Without recapitulating the many other excellent points in Mademoiselle Angri's performance, we may at once pronounce her success to have been decided, and congratulate the theatre on the possession of a contralto of such eminent talent and means."

Of Belletti it speaks in terms of very high praise, and describes his reception as one of great warmth and frequency of applause.

CRUVELLI had also appeared in *Norma*, *Il Barbiere* and *Fidelio*. Her performance of the rôle of *Norma* has elicited the warmest commendation.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. Here GRISI had appeared in *Norma* and *Valentine*; we are obliged to defer a more extended notice of her appearance and that of Cruvelli, which lies somewhere *perdu*.

THE CONCERTS. The New Philharmonic Society, at its second concert gave a programme which presents a rather curious combination of the very latest and perhaps questionable novelties with the greatest acknowledged masterpieces. We find the C minor Symphony of Beethoven, for example, side by side with the *Island of Calypso*, an operatic masque by E. J. Loder. The overtures were Cherubini's to *Anacreon* and the *Zauberflöte*. Herr Reichart sang an aria of Gluck's, *Nur einen Wunsch*, from *Iphigenie*, and a *Liebestied* with chorus by Gumbert. A chorus, *Chant des Chérubins*, by Bortniansky seems to have been considered a novelty worth producing. The composer was director of the Imperial Chapel at St. Petersburg, some twenty-five years ago, and we learn that Berlioz was much struck by the performances under

his direction. A Concerto for piano forte and orchestra by H. Wylde, completes the programme. Of the performance of the Symphony the *Musical World* (London) says:

"M. Berlioz' reading of this extraordinary composition was the true German reading, his *tempi* were the true German *tempi*, his lights and shadows the true German lights and shadows—in other words those of Beethoven himself. We doubt, however, if Beethoven would have approved of the additions to the brass instruments, and more particularly to the doubling of the horn parts, which, in the second theme of the first movement, is equally unnecessary and obtrusive. We are aware it is the French custom, but all French customs are not necessarily good. These, however, are matters of taste. The applause that followed the symphony of Beethoven was of a description which left no room to doubt that the impression produced had been deep and genuine; it was perfectly deafening, and quite unanimous."

The performance of Loder's *Island of Calypso* is represented to have been "imperfect, ineffective, careless, and, at times, slovenly," though in its composition "unquestionably one of the ablest and most beautiful works that has ever proceeded from the pen of an English musician."

At the third Concert, the overtures were Mendelssohn's to the *Isles of Fingal*, Weber's *Euryanthe*, and Beethoven's *Egmont*. With the Berlioz symphony, *Romeo and Juliet*, the *Athenæum* seems by no means pleased, and prophesies that the interest felt in it will fall and not rise with every further performance of it. Berlioz, on the other hand, according to the *News*, received an overwhelming ovation, and "he has won the suffrages of our musical audiences by the magic influence of his genius. It has been a battle with professional prejudices intense intolerance, artistic ignorance and bigotry, but the victory has been for art, development and progress against the standstill purists and dogmatists."

"The charm of the evening," says the *Athenæum*, "was the performance of Madame PLEYEL in Weber's *Concert-Stück*. She is, beyond question, the queen of pianists, since, with all her power and skill, she is still feminine."

From the *Chronicle*, we learn that,

"Madame Pleyel's delicious nonchalant ease and superb confidence won the audience in the first half dozen bars, proving her vast power and wonderful brilliancy of fingering were in perfection. Weber's concerto is admirably adapted to exhibit the most finished pianist, and this performance satisfied the most exacting. The strength, vehemence, and coloring of the bolder portions were exquisitely relieved by the bell-like brilliancy of touch, and magical rapidity of execution in the high treble passages. Nothing more wonderful was ever achieved upon the piano forte."

Selections from Spontini's *Vestale* and Gluck's *Armide* complete this programme. The vocalists of the evening being Miss Dolby, Madame Clara Novello, Reichart and Staundig.

THE QUARTET ASSOCIATION, composed of Messrs. Sinton, Cooper, Hill and Piatti, have introduced Cherubini to the English public as a Quartet composer, by the performance of his Quartet in E flat, in which we are told Cherubini is fresher, more vigorous and more enterprising than either Spohr or Onslow.

Elijah had been performed at the last of Mr. Hullah's Monthly Concerts and also by the Sacred Harmonic Society, and the *Messiah* in Exeter Hall for the Benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians.

There are multitudes of Chamber Concerts, Mdle. SPEYER'S, Mr. BEALE'S and the Beethoven Quartet Society; the Royal Academy Concert and the Glee and Madrigal Union, but none of these present any features of note. Of the Amateur Society, the *Athenæum* says:

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HENRIETTA SONTAG, THE COUNTESS ROSSI. Various rumors respecting this lady's proposed visit to the United States are being industriously circulated throughout the country; various parties claim to be her agents, and to have made arrangements with the Countess and several eminent musicians who are to accompany her, in relation to "the spoils;" and various reasons are

assigned for her coming; all of which—rumors, parties, agents and arrangements—are false and wholly unsubstantial. Our authority is no less a personage than Madame Sontag herself. In a recent letter to a gentleman in this city, in referring to her intended visit, and the reports concerning her engagement with this, that, and the other adventurer, she says:

"I am free yet. Mr. — has made several overtures to me, but I have not accepted them. I mean to come over to America next Fall, trusting to God, a few good friends, and the well-known generosity of the American people. I would not undertake such an enterprise were it not for the sake of my children, but for them I will undertake anything honorable, however arduous it may be."

Madame Sontag intends to embark for New York, in the latter part of August, and will arrive here early in September. — *Musical World*.

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